

A STRIKING AND POWERFUL STORY ENTITLED "THE LONE CORVETTE," WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS NEWSPAPER BY GILBERT PARKER, THE POPULAR ENGLISH NOVELIST, WILL BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE LAIR OF THE TIGER—SCENE AT THE TAMMANY GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

## TAMMANY HALL.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE MOST CORRUPT POLITICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE COUNTRY.



Within a fortnight after the inauguration of George Washington as President, in this city, there was organized a society which derived its name from the patron saint of

THE most corrupt political organization in the United States is the outgrowth of a patriotic association which played a creditable part in the early history of the government. A more extraordinary transformation cannot be imagined than is disclosed by the history of Tammany.

the Revolutionary army. Tradition had handed down in Pennsylvania wonderful stories of a great sachem of the Delaware Indians who was reputed to have vanquished the Bad Spirit himself in a protracted combat. As the British troops fought under the banner of a saint who had conquered the dragon, the Americans set over against him St. Tammany (or Tamanend, as his name was originally spelled), who had "whipped the devil." The Pennsylvania troops in Washington's army were the first to inscribe his name on their banners, and they introduced the custom of celebrating with appropriate ceremonies the 12th of May, which was assigned by tradition as the date of his nativity, as an offset to St. George's day, which came three weeks earlier.

The fondness of our forefathers for "fuss and feathers" was fully gratified by this occasion, when a wigwam was erected; a pole, crowned with a liberty-cap and bearing aloft a tomahawk and other Indian paraphernalia, was planted in the earth; a comrade dressed and painted to personify the great sachem appeared from the wigwam and delivered a "talk" exhorting to courage and love of liberty, after which the whole assemblage, with feathers in their caps and bucks' tails dangling down behind, danced around the pole. From the Pennsylvania contingent the custom spread throughout the Revolutionary army; forts were christened with the name of St. Tammany, and the 12th of May rivaled, and even sometimes surpassed, the 4th of July as a holiday. After the close of the war the



## A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.



In view of the great interest felt in this country in the coming

## International Yacht Races,

in which our champion *Vigilant* is to contend in foreign waters against the best boats in Europe, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* has sent abroad its special photographer, Mr. Hemment, who will follow the

## "Vigilant" in all Her Races,

and furnish us with pictures from week to week. Mr. Hemment will also send us

## Pictures of the Yale Team

from the time they sail on the *New York* until they have ended their contest with Oxford. These pictures will be a

## Complete Pictorial Record,

and will be of surpassing interest. Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, the well-known Yale athlete, who was largely instrumental in securing the arrangements for the Oxford-Yale contest, will furnish the letter-press. No other paper will approach

## Leslie's Weekly

in the attention that it will devote to American sports in foreign countries.

Persons desiring to secure all the issues containing illustrations of these events should send in their orders at once.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.

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practice was maintained, and the saint's natal day continued to be celebrated in the army until about 1812, when the festival was forbidden by the Secretary of War, because of the debauchery to which it usually led.



WHILE originally the hero of the army, Tammany speedily found followers in civil life, and societies bearing his name arose in Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania towns, which made the 12th of May the occasion for the great festivities of the year. The aboriginal atmosphere characterized these celebrations, as well as those in the army. Men, women, and children decked themselves with bucks' tails and other forest adornments, formed in procession, marched to a grove where a wigwam and liberty-pole had been erected, listened to the regulation address from St. Tammany, and then devoted themselves to games and dances. In this way the 12th of May became hardly less popular among the people at large than among the troops. The most striking proof of the legendary hero's hold upon the imagination is furnished by the history of Tammany Hall.

William Mooney, an American by birth but an Irishman by descent, had become prominent in New York during the Revolutionary War as a leader among the "Sons of Liberty," or "Liberty Boys," as they were sometimes called, an organization of sympathizers with the rebels against the king. He was an upholsterer by trade, and after the war was over devoted himself to his business, until his activity in politics at last won him the place of keeper of the almshouse. Mooney took the lead in organizing the society which has perpetuated the name of the Indian chief long after the 12th of May has been forgotten; but it was not Tammany upon whom Mooney wished to confer honor. On the contrary, it was a real historical character whom he proposed to celebrate—the discoverer of America. Columbus was to be the patron saint; the association was to be called "The Columbian

Order"; its central figure was to be the great navigator, who was represented as surrounded by native princes, and the government was to be partly European and partly aboriginal, "the Great Father," as the head was called, being supported by twelve sachems or councilors; a sagamore, or master of ceremonies; a winskinkie, or door-keeper of the sacred wigwam, and a secretary. But the public refused to accept the central figure as any other than the great Indian chief with whose fame they were so familiar, and people straightway began to call the organization by his name. Mooney and his associates recognized the situation, unloaded Columbus, accepted the native chief as their divinity, made the necessary changes in their constitution, and christened the organization "The Tammany Society or Columbian Order," by which name it was at a later day incorporated.



HEREAS," begins the act of incorporation, passed by the New York Legislature on the 9th of April, 1807, "William Mooney and other inhabitants of the City of New York have presented a petition to the Legislature setting forth that they, since the year 1789, have associated themselves under the name and description of the Society of Tammany or Columbian Order, for the purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of the said association, their widows and orphans and others who may be found proper objects of their charity," etc. Such was the benevolent motive which is represented as the origin of this great political machine. More startling even is the revelation that the debased organization of to-day was at first thought to hold out some promise of assistance to those who were interested a century ago in preserving the memorials of our history. "This being a strong national society," wrote John Pintard of it in the spring of 1791, "I engrafted the antiquarian scheme of a museum upon it," a collection which, it may be remarked in passing, fell ultimately into the hands of "the great and only Barnum," and was the beginning of his celebrated museum.

Although some attention was undoubtedly given to charitable objects in the early days of the society, benevolence and antiquarianism did not long play any part in its proceedings. It was, however, the means of rendering an important service to the young nation at a critical time. The Creek Indians, on the southwestern frontier, had long been troublesome, and war was threatened, which the government was most anxious to avoid. Finally it was arranged in 1790 that a delegation of the savages should visit New York, then the seat of government, and have a talk with the President. Everybody realized that the result of such a conference would depend largely upon the first impression produced on the minds of the visitors and upon the manner in which they should be entertained during their stay. Here was Tammany's opportunity, and Washington was glad to avail himself of its assistance. The society had an abundant supply of paint and feathers, and the President engaged it to "do the agreeable" to the nation's guests. When they reached the city they were conducted to a wigwam, where were gathered the members of the society, their faces painted, their bodies arrayed with mocassins, leggings and other features of the aboriginal outfit, and decked out with feathers, sporting huge war-clubs and burnished tomahawks, and presenting generally the appearance of long-lost brothers of the red race. The Creeks were overcome with surprise and joy, and in their exuberance gave vent to a whoop which for a moment filled with alarm the Chief Justice, the Secretary of State, the Governor, the Mayor, and the other dignitaries who honored the occasion. The favorable impression thus produced at the outset was strengthened during the stay of the visitors, as the members of Tammany retained their Indian dress and devoted themselves sedulously to their entertainment. It was consequently easy to arrange a satisfactory treaty.

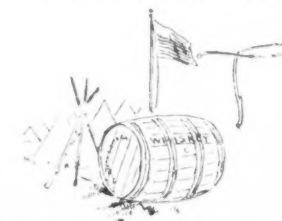


It was, of course, purely an accident that Tammany had been able thus to render a public service of real importance, but the incident was of the greatest advantage to the organization, inasmuch as it gave rise to the idea that it enjoyed the countenance of Washington.

Nor was this the only occasion on which the Father of His Country came into connection with Tammany. Under the auspices of the society the 12th of May became a notable anniversary in New York during the last decade of the eighteenth century, combining the features which characterized the celebration of the Fourth of July with others of the aboriginal type. Soon after sunrise the members of the society, plentifully adorned with paint and feathers, left the wigwam and formed a procession, which citizens were invited to join in such costumes as suited their various tastes. After parading the chief streets the company went to some grove, where the day was devoted to social enjoyment

interspersed with patriotic exercises. In the evening the places of amusement presented entertainments appropriate to the anniversary, and it is a matter of record that on one occasion a play entitled "Tammany; or, the Indian Chief," written by a lady of the city, was presented at a theatre and witnessed by Washington and several members of his Cabinet.

It was an age in which the conventional club of modern times was unknown, and such a society as Tammany really "filled a long-felt want" by supplying a place of resort for congenial spirits. Its early association in the public mind with the legendary Indian chieftain who had a strong hold upon the popular imagination helped to make it a favorite with the people. Its lucky share in the Creek treaty incident, and the favor which even Washington himself appeared to extend it, threw a patriotic glamour about the organization. Although avowedly Democratic in its tendencies, many prominent Federalists joined it, and for the first few years after its establishment in 1789 it was an honorable and distinguished institution, whose members included most of the best men of the city.



THE first change occurred at the time of the whisky insurrection in 1794. Violent resistance to the excise law had been made by secret Democratic societies in Pennsylvania, and Washington took occasion to denounce "self-constituted societies." Many of the best members of Tammany believed that the organization was included in this condemnation and consequently withdrew from it. Up to this time it had been the rule to allow no discussion of party politics at the meetings, which were held in houses of public entertainment and made heavy drafts upon the tap-room. Mooney and his associates now converted it into a political organization pure and simple, and it soon became a recognized power in local and even in national affairs. Political authorities agree in giving it the credit of having decided the Presidential election of 1800 and placed Jefferson in the White House. New York was then, as since, "the pivotal State," and the city was the pivot of the State. The Federalists had carried the city in 1790 by nearly a thousand majority, which on the small poll of that era of property qualification for the suffrage was the equivalent of a good many thousands in later days. But Tammany was not discouraged by the odds against its party, and it had recourse to all the devices with which politicians in those days, as later, were familiar. In some cases the property qualification was evaded by a cunning trick; in others, men who had intended to support the opposition were brought into the wigwam and, after being converted, were escorted thence to the polls; and when the ballots were counted it was found that the Tammany side had won in the city, and so in the State, and finally in the nation. One of the fruits of this victory was the election of Aaron Burr as Vice-President, and he is given, apparently with good reason, the credit of having organized the force which turned the scales. It is known that Burr was intimate with Mooney, who, although the nominal head of the organization, was no "manager" in the political sense of that term; and it is also known that Burr's most intimate personal and political followers belonged to it, although he himself never became a member, as one would not have expected such an intriguer to do. Burr's great antagonist, Alexander Hamilton, plainly recognized the agency of Tammany in deciding the election of 1800, and there is extant a letter from him to one of the Delaware Bayards, in which he recommended the organization by their side of a secret society on the Tammany model, with a president and twelve assistants, but without the Indian mummary—a recommendation which, it is hardly necessary to say, was not carried out.



OR a generation after its first great victory, Tammany continued both powerful and respectable. From 1800 to 1835 its membership embraced many of the leading business men and most substantial citizens of New York. It is the testimony of an authority in local history, whose recollections covered this period, that not only were its sachems persons of property and standing, but its general committee men were chosen with a view to the respect and confidence of the community. To be chairman or secretary of one of its meetings was an honor that any citizen felt proud of. And when it came to the selection of candidates for office, the closest discrimination was observed, especially in nominations for the Legislature. It always sent its best men to Albany. Incredible as such statements appear when predicated of Tammany as we of to-day know it, there seems no reason to doubt that this is a truthful representation of Tammany during the first third of the century.

One naturally wonders that the mob element did not



earlier become prominent in Tammany, for of course there was always such an element in New York City. One reason is that during more than half of this period the poorer classes could not vote, the property qualification not having been abolished until the constitution of 1821 was adopted. Strange to say, Tammany had not sought to hasten the change, although the removal of this test had been originally one of its chief objects, and although its power had repeatedly been great enough to enable it to bring about the result if it had insisted upon it. The reason that it postponed action in this direction until 1820 was that De Witt Clinton, its chief opponent, had secured so strong a hold upon the lower classes that the Tammany leaders thought they would lose, rather than gain, by the extension of the suffrage. By 1835 the mob element began to assert itself in the organization, and from that time its old reputation was never recovered.

The metropolis of half a century ago contained a good deal of pliable material for shrewd political manipulators to work upon, as any city must when its population rises into the hundreds of thousands; but the Tammany of Fernando Wood, of "Boss" Tweed, and of "Dick" Croker could not have been built upon such foundations. The dangerous power of the institution dates from the decade between 1840 and 1850, when the tide of immigration to this country from foreign nations, and especially from Ireland, set in like a flood. The tremendous change which was thus wrought in a short period appears from the census of 1860, which showed that of the 805,651 inhabitants of the city, 383,717, or nearly one-half, had been born abroad, of whom 203,740, or more than one-quarter of the whole number, were natives of Ireland. The proportion of the population which was essentially foreign is not fully shown even by these figures, since many thousands of those classed as natives of this country were born in New York of foreign parents. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the foreign vote is relatively larger than the foreign population, since immigration always brings a much greater proportion of men than is found in a long-settled community—as is strikingly illustrated by the fact that, while considerably less than half of Wisconsin's population at the time of the last census had been born abroad, considerably more than half of the adult males were natives of other countries than the United States.



IGNORANCE and poverty characterized the mass of these new-comers, many of whom had been driven from Ireland by the famine. The average level was then, as it is now, decidedly lower among those who remained in New York than among those who push on into the agricultural districts. It

takes a considerable sum of money to transport a family from some country in Europe to a farm in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and the possession of such a sum is a good guarantee of thrift and other virtues. New York, on the other hand, has always had to take the "leavings"—the shiftless, the idle, the adventurers, the criminals. Immigration thus furnished the very conditions which were needed for the construction of a powerful and corrupt political machine—ignorance, which could be easily bamboozled; poverty, which might readily be bribed; race clannishness, which required no provocative to assert itself. Fernando Wood was the first demagogue to improve on a great scale the possibilities opened by these new conditions in the decade before the war. Ten years later "Bill" Tweed utilized his opportunities as "Boss" of Tammany to inaugurate an era of wholesale stealing of the public money through corrupt combinations with contractors, the revelation of which caused a national sensation, and for a time seemed likely to bring about a revival of civic virtue. Tweed himself was driven from power, but the vicious influences he had nourished soon asserted themselves with renewed energy and audacity. Twenty years after Tweed's downfall the country is again startled by disclosures of organized corruption under Tammany government—of wholesale spoliation of every class and interest by accredited Tammany agents—which show that Richard Croker is as far beyond Tweed as Tweed was beyond Wood in perceiving the extent to which a great city may be made to pay tribute to partisan bosses.

The most vivid idea possible of the depths to which Tammany has sunk, and the radical transformation it has undergone in its policy, purposes, and the character of its management, is secured by contrasting the class of men who were prominent in the organization before its utter downfall a generation ago with the leaders of to-day. The first list would include such names as Samuel J. Tilden, Charles O'Connor, Augustus Schell, Samuel Sloan, James T. Brady, Oswald Ottendorfer, John Van Buren, Abram S. Hewitt, Smith Ely, Richard Schell, Peter Gilsey, and Andrew H. Green. Prominent on the second list would be Richard Croker, Thomas F. Gilroy, Patrick Divver, Peter Mitchell, Edward F. Reilly, Bernard F. Martin, John J. Scannell, Patrick Keenan, Timothy D. Sullivan, E. T. Fitzpatrick, John C. Sheehan, and George W. Plunkett.



is not the worst of it—that they are nobodies so far as native talents and public service are concerned. Almost without exception they are disreputable, many of them graduates of the slums, who have taken a post-graduate course as liquor dealers, professional gamblers, and dive-keepers, criminals of every sort—some of these ex-criminals actually elevated to the Bench to administer justice. A worse travesty upon government was never seen in a civilized community than that which Tammany has imposed upon the metropolis of the United States. The organization being what it is, the exposures which an investigating committee has been making are exactly what might have been expected—that applicants for appointments on the police force have to pay for their places, that there is a regular tariff for promotion, that the worst haunts of vice and crime are levied upon for a monthly tribute by the department which is maintained for their suppression, that merchants are blackmailed by men in uniform, that even bootblacks are the victims of extortion at the hands of the police—in short, that a revenue which must reach into the millions every year is collected from the city by Tammany through its agents.

This disgraceful showing would challenge the attention of the country if the demoralizing effect of Tammany rule were confined to New York, for the whole country is interested in its chief city. But the influence of the organization extends into State and national politics. It may decide the governorship of New York, as when John Kelly's bolt from the Democratic State Convention's nomination of Lucius Robinson in 1879 enabled Alonzo B. Cornell to slip into the executive chair at Albany. It may again, as in 1880, turn the scales in a Presidential election. A political organization which possesses such power is a matter of concern to all thoughtful people in the United States.

What is the source of Tammany's power? It is based upon the mass of ignorance and poverty which New York constantly provides for the manipulation of the demagogue and the corruptionist. To utilize such material it was only necessary to construct a good political "machine." None better could be imagined than Tammany has built up. It extends into every election precinct, through its "workers," and yet its whole power is concentrated in a small ring, which operates in secret. It always levies heavy assessments upon its candidates for office, and often insists upon a "divvy" of the salaries and fees after their election. It raises vast sums by wholesale blackmail. It seats its men as excise commissioners, and through them wields despotic power over the thousands of liquor-sellers. It makes "deals" with the men who run the Republican machine, and trades one office for another. By such devices it absolutely controls, and can "swing" as the leaders dictate, an army of voters large enough to carry the day if the opposition is divided—and its chief aim is to see that the opposition is always divided. The modern Tammany is thus the perfect flower of professional politics in a rapidly growing city under universal suffrage.

### Mr. Reed's View of Silver.



THE theory of Mr. Reed's interview, published in *The Fortnightly Review*, seems to be that American protectionists might, under some approaching contingencies, find it to their advantage to make a swap with the English, of low duties on British imports into the United States, in exchange for a "monetary agreement with Great Britain favorable to silver," which might mean either an agreement of Great Britain to coin a specified sum in standard silver yearly, for home use, or her agreement to unite with other nations in a policy of free coinage of silver, or the like. And in the event that the proffer of such a policy to Great Britain fails to induce her to enter into a reciprocity treaty favorable to silver, then a like policy of reciprocity is to be offered to other countries, and duties on goods coming from Great Britain are to be raised to the coercive point—if there is any point at which we can compel the British government to unite with us in a policy of bimetalism.

There are several difficulties of theory and in practice connected with such a programme. It proposes to make tariff duties a means of coercing a foreign state to unite with us in a monetary policy of which she claims not to

perceive the wisdom. When a considerable minority of our people are suffering under an acute attack of economic discovery on the question whether it is constitutional to adjust a tariff so as to protect a home industry, it would seem improbable that any large majority of our people would regard a protective tariff as the best means of coercing a foreign state.

It would require preternatural skill to draw an international treaty so that an actual swap of reduced duties on one side should be made for an increased circulation of silver on the other. Nor is the principle on which such a treaty could be advocated very clear. Why should the American manufacturer of pearl buttons, tin plates or steel rails be overslaughed and "knocked out" by the foreign manufacturer of the same article, as a price for inducing the British government to oblige the English people to receive, say, ten million pounds of coin a year in silver florins or crowns, coined out of, say, four million pounds' worth of silver bullion? If the infliction of more silver coin on the English is a blessing, why should we be taxed to procure it for them? If it is a calamity to them, how can we compensate them by incurring another calamity equally pronounced, namely, the withdrawal of protective duties?

Mr. Reed is of the opinion that the existing condition of things stimulates the export of wheat and cotton from India to Europe, to the disadvantage of the wheat and cotton growers of our own country. Without stopping to dispute the truth of this proposition, is it not clear that if this cheapness of silver stimulates Indian exports, and if the object of entering into a monetary agreement with Great Britain be to facilitate a still greater coinage of silver, then its effect must be to intensify the cheapness of silver, and thereby the activity of these same Indian exports? In this event would we not be trading a freer access for British producers into our own markets than our manufacturers can afford to give them, in exchange for greater competition in wheat production than our farmers can stand?

Mr. Reed's attitude undoubtedly reflects a sentiment that is becoming more and more aggressive at Washington. He feels the need of a substantial silver policy. Since the silver question is a world's question, he holds that the remedy, to be adequate, must be a world remedy. Values however, cannot be conferred by agreement. They sweep around the world in waves, but each vibration in every wave is the involuntary product of a distinct or transmitted concussion. We doubt the capacity of world-parliaments or world treaties to "cook up" a desirable value for silver or any other commodity.

### The Railway Strike.

If there ever was a strike which was utterly unjustifiable and irrational, it is that recently initiated by Western railway employes. The men engaged in it have no grievance or semblance of a grievance. They had no quarrel with the companies employing them as to wages, hours of labor, or general treatment. Their strike was purely "sympathetic." The Pullman Car Company, which has its works at Pullman, a suburb of Chicago, finding its business greatly crippled by the general business depression, informed its operatives that it could no longer afford to pay the usual piece-work wages. It could, however, contract for work enough to keep its force employed at three-fourths the usual price received for the manufacture of cars, and it offered the men an opportunity to take these orders and keep the works in operation, provided an arrangement could be made on a basis of wages which would enable them to furnish the cars at actual cost. The men refused to accept any reduction of wages, and all but six hundred of them stopped work. It being found impracticable to carry on the processes of manufacture with a force thus disorganized, the company closed its works. This was on May 11th, and since then the strikers have remained idle, many of them being supported at the expense of the charitable public. Now, the company persisting in its right to manage its own business in its own way, an outside organization, composed exclusively of railway employes, takes by the throat all the railway companies which carry Pullman cars and subjects the business and travel of the country to enormous inconvenience and loss, with a view of compelling the Pullman corporation to give work to the strikers upon their own terms. The railways have nothing whatever to do with the merits of the controversy; the public are in no sense responsible for its existence; but that counts for nothing at all; they are within reach and they must be attacked.

A more outrageous invasion of individual and public rights was never attempted anywhere, and if it could succeed there would be an end in this country of all security to business enterprise as well as to personal liberty. Fortunately, the railway companies, realizing the gravity of the issue presented, have met it with a determination which leaves no room for doubt as to the outcome of the struggle. The strikers will be beaten, as they deserve to be, and "organized labor," by the criminal blunder and insufferable arrogance of its leaders, will make more difficult than ever the adjustment of its relations to capital on a basis of justice and fair play to both.





"THE THREE MUSES," AS THE PICTURE APPEARS TO THE AUDIENCE.

### Living Pictures.

THE craze for "living pictures" which has broken out all over the country originated in England about a year ago, although we have had tableaux vivants a number of years. The production of these "pictures" may be in the line of genuine art or the reverse. While the artistic production, in this manner, of subjects of domestic character is not without points of merit (and some of them are really beautiful), it cannot be denied that the greatest attraction in pictures of this kind is the opportunity presented for the display of the "human form divine" in attitudes more or less suggestive. This may or may not be objectionable, according to the taste and opinion of the beholder. Certain it is that the effect produced is often one of startling realism and great beauty. Upon seeing these productions one is inclined to wonder how it is possible to produce the radical changes in such quick succession. And, indeed, it is a work of considerable magnitude.

Each figure group is set upon a different frame, and during the presentation of one before the audience the others are in different stages of completion. These frames are run upon railway tracks, and each consists of three sides of a triangle, upon each one of which is a group. The frame revolves upon a pivot, thus bringing each of the groups successively into view of the audience.

Our pictures, from photographs taken for us upon the stage of Koster & Bial's during the presentation of the "pictures," give the groups in a state of preparation. That of the "Helping Hand" shows the workmen about to place the group in position for exhibition, while the other, "The Three Muses," is given as it appears to the audience.

### "Bob" Cook and His Stroke.

THESE are the days of strong men. They write books, give lessons, and fill many columns of the newspapers with the fame of their exploits. Samson, St. Cyr, Sandow, Laffan, and Checkley have permitted the record of their exploits to reach the ears of a dotting public. But the original hero of American athletics is a modest amateur now, as he was twenty years ago, when the "Bob Cook stroke" sent Yale to the head of the intercollegiate regatta. He is Robert J. Cook, and unless the true story of his remarkable career at Yale, his quest after a winning form of rowing, and his success in New and Old England, be written while he is alive to correct any errors that may creep into it, there is danger of its living only as a college tradition. Yet even as such it has already stirred many a lad in and out of college to develop all the manhood that is in him. The farmer's boy who went to Yale and set a pattern which the great body of American undergraduates has been proud to follow ever since cannot fail to prove an interesting personality to "old boys" and young ones, too. He has been just as clever at "keeping out of print" as he has with his oar.

In the smoking-car of a railroad train bound south from New Haven, one pleasant spring



PREPARING THE PICTURE OF "THE HELPING HAND."

LIVING PICTURES, AND HOW THEY ARE PRODUCED.



ROBERT J. COOK, BETTER KNOWN AS "BOB" COOK, THE FAMOUS YALE COACH.—PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

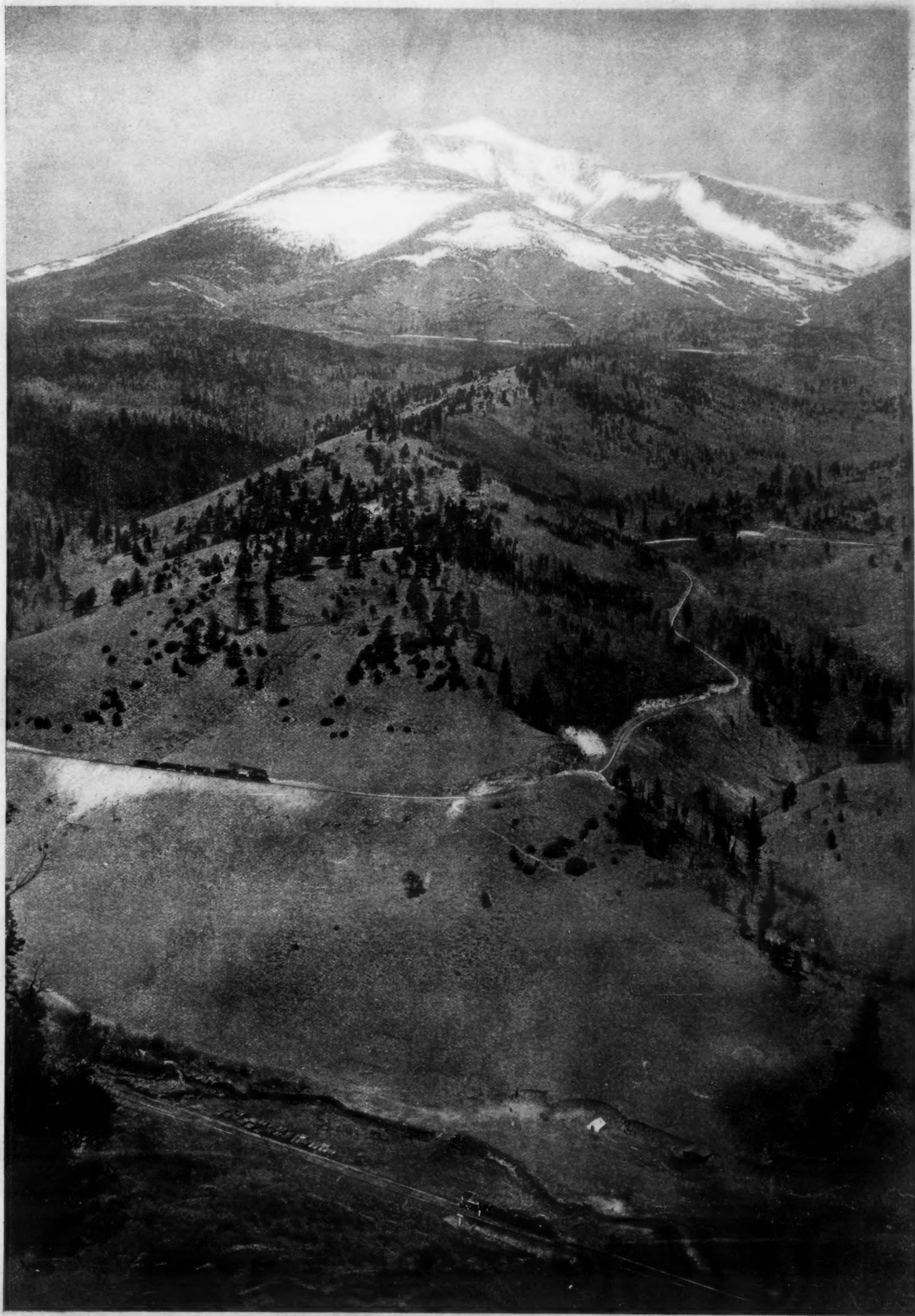
evening, I met a quiet, good-looking man, whose eyes were of that variety sometimes described as "snapping black." His hair was black and well cropped, his black mustache drooped over a well-formed mouth, and his cheeks wore a three-days' coat of tan. His shoulders were broad, his chest deep, his movements quick and easy, his arms long and muscular. I should say he was about five feet ten in height and weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. He was a charming companion, and when the conversation turned upon college rowing and Yale's chances of winning that year and the "Bob" Cook stroke, I was surprised to see how much my companion knew about all these things and how carelessly he laughed off the suggestion that there must be something wonderful in that Cook stroke, after all.

And there is, as you can't help seeing, despite the reticence of its inventor, who is today, perhaps, the least known of all the athletic celebrities. As a newspaper publisher Mr. Cook has proven his aptitude in one of the most exacting of contemporary callings. Under his management the Philadelphia Press has grown in circulation and in advertising to be a power in the land. Cook, the man of affairs, is known and esteemed among men of affairs. When he steals away from his office for a few days in early spring, and once more grips the ash and bends his back over the rippling river, in spite of all the cares of the work-a-day world, he is "Bob" Cook once more, the best man in a boat ever cheered from an American shore.

In the early spring of 1872 a sturdy young fellow stood watching Yale's crack crew pull away for practice. He had come up from the great farm in western Pennsylvania, where his boyhood had been spent, full of muscle and vim, but fuller still of a thirst for learning. He was past his majority when he finally determined that he would take the Yale curriculum before

(Continued on page 23.)





Our picture shows the fire-scarred front of old Ouray, one of the great mountain peaks of Colorado. Seen from the railway which climbs to the summit of Marshall Pass, itself 11,000 feet above the sea, Ouray stands grand and solitary, compelling both awe and admiration. In the ascent which affords this view, the snow-crowned spires of the Sangre-de-Cristo range are revealed, extending away to the southward until cloud and sky and lofty peak commingle in one vast and bewildering vision.

MOUNT OURAY, ONE OF THE PEAKS OF THE ROCKIES, WITH AN ELEVATION OF 14,055 FEET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON & CO., DENVER.  
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## THE EVOLUTION OF KIDLEX.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

IT had been a bad quarter of an hour for Kidlex. It had almost caused him one of those spells which he had had periodically ever since the sunstroke years ago.

Sade had married Jim Sloan this morning, and was on her way West with her husband. They must be a good many miles away by this time. They had started at noon, and here it was seven in the evening.

Slouch thumped his tail against the floor, and looked inquiringly at his master; Kidlex usually took him out after supper and gave him the exhilaration of chasing nothing for an hour or so. You might kick Slouch, beat him, and scold him, and all this had happened in his career, but he would still like you and protect you, especially if you had had a stroke of the sun and were subject to spells. He angered Kidlex when there was anything to be gloomy about, and there was not an oversupply of cheerfulness this evening.

Everything had gone Sloan's way, and everything had rounded on Kidlex. Hadn't it been through Kidlex that Jim had first met Sade?

Kidlex recalled that time now as he had recalled it all day long as he worked at the factory—that spring evening when he had gone out with Sade and Slouch, and Sade, who had grown tired of Kidlex's never giving a girl a chance, complained that the old dog was always at your heels. Kidlex kicked the beast and ordered him home. Of course Slouch stayed where he was, looking for his opportunity to chase nothing.

All at once Sade's handkerchief fluttered in the March breeze—for she saw how a girl might have a chance.

"Grief!" she exclaimed.

Kidlex made a dash for it. So did Slouch. So did a stranger in a very light coat and very dark trousers. The stranger and Slouch reached the handkerchief at the same time. Slouch grabbed the stranger as the stranger grabbed the handkerchief. Kidlex beat the dog and freed the stranger. Then the stranger handed Sade her handkerchief, and she commiserated him upon the state of his coat, and said that Slouch ought to be killed. Sade afterward acknowledged that she had purposely let her handkerchief go, for she had spied the stranger and courted a sensation.

Kidlex, recalling things up in his dull room as he had recalled them all day in the factory, understood Sade's perfidy as he had not understood it at first. He had not understood it when Sloan became his friend, and the three of them went for the evening strolls, Slouch lurking behind, looking suspiciously for nothing; he had not understood it when Sade used to get him to show off Slouch so that she and Sloan, far from a stranger now, might be alone for a while.

Kidlex owned to himself that his nature was something akin to Slouch's; where he liked he liked for all he was worth, and he had long liked Sade, who said she was not averse to the liking. When Sade came one day during the factory dinner hour and told him she shouldn't wonder if she'd marry Jim Sloan, and she hoped Kidlex wouldn't kick about it, he understood a good deal. But he said nothing. Only, his liking for Sade turned to something that rebounded on the man she preferred to him, whom she had led on in the beginning by the same pretty tricks which had captured Sloan.

Kidlex owned that Sade was far seeing. Sloan was a far more successful man than he could hope to be; had his own little shop, was always on the alert to make money, availed himself of everything. Why, Sloan had got all Kidlex's shop-mates insured—making fifty cents each time. Sloan had got Sade to insure her life, refunding her the half-dollar he made by the transaction so that she paid for five Mondays the weekly ten cents collected by the insurance agent. Sloan had a fever for insurance at that time; had advised Kidlex to insure the furniture in his little flat—furniture bought piecemeal against the time when he and Sade should be married; advised Kidlex to get an accident policy—"It will pay you twenty-five dollars a week if anything happens to you"—and even offered to see about insuring Slouch. Kidlex discovered that a cousin of Sloan's effected the insurances, and drew his own conclusions.

When Sloan's insurance fad faded he took up land. The Popular Theatre was giving a plot of ground with every secured seat.

Kidlex patronized the "Pop" regularly. He

and Sade had certain seats which were reserved for them every Saturday night. When Sloan also had a seat near Sade's on a certain Saturday night, and a plot of ground was awarded him, land became his fad. The theatre lots were a trifle west of the setting sun, and one night Sloan bought a whole block of the seats, and with them the last batch of lots; then he got up a benefit among Kidlex's club friends and sold the seats at cash price, minus the lots, a play being on which everybody felt compelled to see if he wished to preserve his status. Kidlex laughed merrily at Sloan's methods, but when Sloan offered to raffle off his horseshoe diamond pin at Kidlex's club, Kidlex drew the line; he knew the pin was no good, and Sloan knew that he knew it.

That night Sade wore the pin.

The next day she told Kidlex she would marry Sloan for sure.

There was nothing to do. But the night of that day, at the club—"The Early Birds"—when the other fellows got up a little game, Kidlex sat preoccupied, Slouch under his chair, and requested to be let alone.

He was powerless; he could do nothing; he called Sloan a sneak, and knew that he was not; he said that Sade was a woman without a heart, and knew that this was not so.

To-night in his room all this and more came up before him—and there was Sade with her husband traveling toward those western lots of theirs, to become prosperous people in a fresh, new atmosphere.

It maddened Kidlex to think of his own impotency. From his window he saw that the snow had begun to fall, little crystal flakes gluing themselves to the pane, to melt and leave a stain, like so much other evaporated pureness. Out in the West there was change, and bustle, and excitement, and hustling; here in the East was the same old grimy life, the same oily factory, the same fellows who were always seeking pleasure and not finding it. Out in the West, activity and energy such as Sloan's would lead to riches and honor; Sade, with her bright ways and aptitude—"why, Sade was out of sight in her get-up, and did it on nothing"—Sade might become a great lady, Sloan forming his lots into a town, and the East and her share in it would be a subject for fun-making with Sade, Kidlex a thing to be laughed at and ridiculed. Something was clarifying in Kidlex to-night.

"Get out, you brute!" he growled.

Slouch had come from beside the stove and asked if it wasn't time to move. Kidlex aimed a blow at the dog, then changed his mind. Instead, he slipped to the floor and caught the animal's head in his arms and leaned over and laid his eyes along the rough fur. Slouch's tongue softly touched his master's clothing.

Kidlex roused himself.

"Come," he said, "you brute. It was you that brought them together in the first place—you and her handkerchief."

On the way to the door he happened to touch a little table. It was the last thing he had bought before Sade told him she should marry Sloan. This table had been the peculiar pride of Kidlex's heart; he had not told Sade about it, but was reserving it for a great surprise. He had paid twenty-five cents a week for it to the installment man, who recommended that all you had to do was to brush the plush with the pile, if you wished it always to look fresh.

The touch of this table roused something in Kidlex to-night. He seized the frail thing and snapped it to pieces, Slouch growling as though it were the nothing he was always looking for. Kidlex stuffed the thing into his stove.

He listened to the roar it made as though that voiced the feeling within him.

It was nearly eight o'clock when it was all consumed and the roar had sunk.

"Come!" he said to the dog. "I wish I had that will I made in her favor, I'd burn that up too. But it's in my box at the shop. I'll burn it to-morrow. Come!" He often talked to Slouch.

Down four flights of stairs, and then the keen air and the snow-fall. The children of the house were out in the night, holding back their heads, their mouths open to catch the falling flakes. Where to go?

"Was that you makin' that fire up there?" asked McGlone, the shoemaker in the basement. "I says to my old woman, when people makes fires like that on a night like this you want to be insured."

Insured! Kidlex felt with a glow he was glad he had let his insurances run out—the insurances advised by Sloan; he had not paid up that on his furniture, or the one on his life, and they had lapsed. His accident policy still held, but that would run out next month, thank heaven!

"Hello, Kid!" called a friend. "Goin' to the 'Birds'? We've got an Eyetalian with a harp down there. He's a cuckoo, and makes your hair curl. We're in for a dance; what's the matter with gittin' a lady friend and chippin' in? It'll only cost you a dime. Say, Kid, we're gittin' up a social for Saturday night. Gents twenty-five, ladies' hat-rack free. Goin' to the 'Pop'?"

Kidlex pressed on. The snow on his face seemed like water on hot iron. He went by ways where he thought he should meet no one who knew him, where to, he knew not, nor cared. Slouch tugged at the leg of his trousers as they reached the corner they should have turned if they were going to the theatre. Kidlex aimed a backward kick at the dog. He got into another street. Where was he going, anyhow? He knew; he was going past the house where Sade had lived. He laughed.

He looked at the darkened window of the room that had been hers. A singular joy took possession of Kidlex; it was almost intoxicating. He had looked upon the erstwhile abode of one of the happy pair, now let him go and see that of the other. By the way, how had Sloan disposed of his place? He accelerated his steps, opening his coat to get the snow nearer to the heat that was in him.

He had walked a half-mile or so when he reached the shop in its no-thoroughfare of a street. No; there was no bill on it, and—hold! In the flare of the street light he saw foot-prints in the snow leading directly to the shop door. In that case he would turn back; he did not wish to be seen maunding in the old neighborhood of his successful rival. But who could have taken Sloan's shop and he not hear of it? It looked dark, unoccupied. But there were those fresh tracks in the snow leading directly to the door. He went up to the closed window and peeped through a crack at the side. Surely there was a light in there. He pressed closer. There was a light there, a dim one, but a light. And there was a—why, there was a hand, and the hand held a tiny watering-pot with which it was sprinkling the floor. He could not see the face of the owner of the hand, but he saw a shirt front, and as this got into the radius of the dim light there was an answering flash. The flash came from a horseshoe diamond pin.

The exhilaration of Kidlex became maddening. He leaned over and throttled Slouch as a hint that there was to be silence. Then he watched the hand and the watering-pot.

He understood it all. And he knew whose hand it was that wielded the watering-pot. The shop was insured for more than it was worth. Sloan had as much as told him that; its owner was popularly supposed to have started for the West in the morning. Water in that watering-pot? Nay; something that ignited better than water.

The joy of Kidlex threatened to bring on one of those attacks occasioned by the old sunstroke.

Look! Look! What was the hand that had wielded the watering-pot doing now? Why it was throwing outside the door into the little entry certain tools which Sloan had come to the factory to borrow from Kidlex, then returned them as openly, then quietly borrowed them again. Kidlex taking them to him, and—why, that watering-pot belonged to Kidlex; he had bought it that time when he had tried to raise hyacinths in his window for Sade's birthday—it had his initials scratched on it, as the tools had.

How had Sloan possessed himself of that watering-pot? Ah, Sade had a key to Kidlex's flat, given to her once, not to use, but to make Kidlex feel that it brought her into a sort of partnership. And what else? What had a glove to do with a fire? The hand that had held the watering-pot had thrown a worsted glove with the tools. Kidlex knew the glove; he had dropped it some time back when he had gone to Sloan to ask if it were true he was going to take Sade away after they were married. He could have killed himself for going to Sloan that time, but he could not help it. And now!

He went to the door of the shop. A strange strength was in him; nothing would have seemed impossible to him at that moment. He pressed against the door, digging his nails into the frame, his feet into the earth. He pressed, he heaved a low wretch, then he had pitched backward into the black vault of the shop, and Slouch had upon the floor the man who had held the watering-pot. A moment and Kidlex was on his feet looking at the prostrate man.

"So I was to burn down this shop out of jealousy?" said Kidlex.

"Will you take this dog away?" asked Sloan. Then he got up.

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded.

Kidlex eyed him.

"Where is—your wife?" he asked.

"She went West this morning," was the answer. "I was to join her to-morrow. I had something to attend to."

"This?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I said no."

"Did she know of—this?"

Sloan made a gesture of anger, and Kidlex saw in that how the man loved his wife.

"Deal with me," said Sloan. "If she knew of this—" he frowned.

"Do you think she won't know?" asked Kidlex with deadly calmness.

Sloan was getting it to form again after the novelty of the surprise was over.

"After you have given me away, yes," he answered. "You've got the dead wood on me. Do you want to know more? She'll make you out a martyr after you tell her. She'll like you more than she ever did."

Kidlex looked dangerous.

"Do you mean to say," cautiously said Sloan, "that I'm only bluffing? Kid, it was all I could do to make her have me. If you'd had the push that's in me she wouldn't have looked twice at me. That's straight. Do you know what she took with her out West? Why, a little basket you once made for her out of a peach stone."

Something dealt Kidlex a blow. He did not know how much to believe of what this man was telling him, but surely Sloan would never have thought to say Sade had taken that little peach-stone basket if it were not so. He recollected the making of that basket at the factory during dinner hours, every stroke upon it, every scrape of the file representing a thought of Sade. It had taken a week to make the thing, and then he considered it a work of art fit for a queen.

And Sade had taken it with her out to all her prosperity and her happiness!

"Lex," Sloan was going on, his keen eyes fixed on the other man, "you don't know what she thought of you. When I used to ask her if you were very tight up here"—he tapped his head—"she'd get mad and wouldn't speak to me. I believe she takes with her the kindest memory of you."

This was nothing to Kidlex, and he put up his hand to stop the jabber. There was a confusion about him. If Sade knew of this night's work—and surely she did not know of its contemplation—she did not, she did not—she would regard him as an injured man, might see that much which had gone before had scarcely been above board, while his blind trust in her had forced him to realize nothing till his happiness was beyond recall. And she would despise the man she was tied to for life.

"But then," Sloan was saying more carefully still, as though he read the other's thought, "all that's over. She's my wife."

Kidlex came out of the confusion as out of a heavy mist. He saw.

There was a strained silence.

"Jim," then said Kidlex, "what were you going to do this thing for? Money?"

Sloan broke out, his caution given to the winds:

"Is it ever anything else but money?" he said, bitterly. "I must have a hundred dollars—I must have it inside of two months, or all those lots will go. There are taxes—"

"And you were willing to turn Sade away from you," interrupted Kidlex, "for a hundred dollars!"

Sloan regarded him, but waited.

"Jim," said Kidlex, "don't do this thing. Sade's your wife; she's helpless. As for me, I ain't so terrible lonesome—I've got Slouch." He thought—No; his accident policy had not lapsed. "Jim," he said with wistful friendliness, "you'll git the hundred dollars. I'll send it to you. You needn't look that a-way. I'll send it, I say. But there's one thing—Sade mustn't know I send it or she wouldn't respect you. And you're all she's got."

Sloan said not a word, but looked curiously at Kidlex, who was going round the room wiping up the sprinklings of oil with bits of paper. He worked for an hour. Then, gathering up the watering-pot, into which he dropped the tools and the glove, he motioned Sloan to leave the shop.

Outside he said:

"You're going West to-night. I'm going to the station to see you off. I can't trust you to go alone. Slouch, keep your eyes on him; if he tries to skip, sic him. Jim, you're going West to helpless Sade this night. If you won't



go, by heaven! I'll inform on you to the insurance company."

He dashed the watering-pot under his feet and crushed it into a shapeless mass and kicked it aside. Then, with an authority he had never before exercised, he piloted Sade's husband to the station. Something was evolving in him.

When Sloan was on his train and turned to say something hot, Kidlex held up his hand.

"If he speaks, Slouch," he said, "aim for his throat. Jim, you're a mean scoundrel. But I'll send you the hundred dollars—it's worth that to keep Sade, poor, helpless creature! from knowing she can't respect the man she's married to. I ain't brainy like you, but—Sloan, tell me this: Before God, now, did she take that peach-stone basket with her? Speak; do you hear me? The train's moving; I must get off. Speak! speak!" His voice was hoarse and thick. "Did she take that peach-stone basket with her? Before God, now! Slouch, if he don't answer yes or no, go for his throat. Jim, yes or no, you'll get the money all the same. Yes or no, Jim; I don't care if it's no. Yes or no, Jim, before God, now!"

"Yes!"

Man and dog flung themselves from the train. Jim must have the money; the accident policy had not lapsed.

A little while later, after the accident, during which the man had his leg shattered by an incoming train, he asked for his dog. They pointed to a pile of mangy fur. Slouch dead for Sade.

"Old Slouch," he said. "He tried to save me." He worked his way over to the dead beast and fondled the limp head. "Gentlemen, I'm John Lex," he said, rapidly, feeling one of his spells coming on; "called Kidlex at the 'Birds.' I've got an accident policy—twenty-five dollars. The money's to go to a friend in the West. I've made a will—at the shop—benefit of a lady friend o' mine—if I have a spell don't mind it, I'm used to—"

But the spell had come on. It was a long one. They thought he was dead. But—

## "Bob" Cook and His Stroke.

(Continued from page 20.)

settling down to the serious business of life. There wasn't a colt on the farm that he couldn't ride, nor a hired man he couldn't throw, were he so minded. There was the glorious vigor of healthful youth in all his sinewy frame, and when he was matriculated, at twenty-two, he weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and probably had no superior in New Haven in a rough-and-tumble. But it was all changed now; for months Cook studied early and late. Finally, by spring-time, the grind began to tell on him. He moped, and wondered what ailed him.

As he saw the Yale eight pull out for a four-mile spin over the sparkling waves, he felt as if the only cure for his spring fever was a seat in that boat.

No college man needs to be told that the idea of a freshman aspiring to a seat in the 'varsity crew was then a preposterous one indeed. Even if Yale hadn't won a race for years, all her aristocratic traditions would rebel against the suggestion that a new-comer could row with the 'varsity eight. What, forsooth, were classes for, if the last come was to be the first served? No matter if young Cook had proven his extraordinary physical vigor in the class rushes. "You'll have to wait a year or two," said the captain, with a haughty smile. And everybody supposed that settled it. But "Bob" Cook had set his heart on pulling an oar that year in that very boat, and he wasn't in the habit of falling down.

Day after day the young man haunted the shore and watched the eight with yearning eyes as they rowed gayly and proudly away. He knew he was the equal of any of them; all that was lacking was the opportunity to show it. One afternoon the captain of the crew seemed to give in. "You can row with us to-day, if you've a mind to." So they, seven, seasoned and strong, took the neophyte and started away as hard as the stroke would let them, to row the new-comer out. It was a great joke they were playing on this presumptuous underclassman, who dared to try to measure strength with them, the pick of the college. But it didn't turn out to be much of a joke, after all. Cook rowed in the waist of the boat, and he kept right up with the stroke for the whole four miles, and when the spin was over he didn't pant any more than they did, if as much. "But I felt as if my wrists had been branded with a coal of fire," said he. That first week of his trial the other seven lost ten or fifteen pounds; he, only three. That settled it; they couldn't row him down, and they had to take him into the crew.

It wasn't very long before "the stone which the builders rejected" became the head of the corner; in other words, Cook was soon chosen stroke of the crack Yale crew. Not, however, until Yale had once more been beaten in the college regatta at Springfield, and Yale men had once more begun to wonder what was to be done to save their aquatic laurels. Cook set about this very task. As the autumn drew on he became more and more convinced that there was something radically lacking in Yale rowing; that this something was not pluck or zeal or strength, he knew. But what was it? "Fellows," said he one day to the crew, "we don't know anything; we'd better begin all over again!" But how?

The Christmas vacation came on. Cook sat in his rooms one day reading "Tom Brown at Oxford." There was the sort of lad he fancied, Tom Brown succeeded as an oarsman, too. "By Jove!" thought Cook, "I'd go over to Oxford myself and see how they row over there."

The first Sunday morning in January Cook went to call on President Porter. The snow was two feet deep, and as he waded through it he couldn't help wondering how such a cool proposition as a request for leave of absence to go and study English rowing methods would strike the "prex." "We're tired of seeing Yale beaten out by Harvard and Williams and Wesleyan and Amherst," said the young stroke, "and we want to see if we can't come in first next June." President Porter said "Go!" Then came the question of expenses; three hundred dollars was to be raised for the cost of the trip none too easily. A well-known benefactor of Yale offered promptly to furnish the whole amount if his name were kept quiet; that honored name is now borne by a building on the Yale campus. A classmate of G. W. Smalley gave Mr. Cook letters of introduction to the great journalist. There was not much faith in many quarters that any great good would come of this pilgrimage over the seas in search of the secret of the art of rowing fast and hard and long.

Before January was gone, Cook was in London. He didn't go straight up to Oxford, but stayed over in the capital and got acquainted with the London Rowing Club. Everybody was courteous to the young American who had "come over to learn to row." Cook took lessons for a week from Mr. Gulston, a semi-professional oarsman. Then he went to Cambridge, not Oxford; he was going to learn the whole business. Cambridge had been beaten by Oxford for some years, and Cook proposed to see the best last.

The evening of young Cook's arrival, a friendless stranger from a far country, in the time-honored precincts of Cambridge, was the occasion of a great "wine," or spread, in the chambers of the captain of the 'Varsity Club. The time could not have been more auspicious. Cook was welcomed if not with open arms, at least with abundant hospitality. He was soon at home. The next day found him riding horseback along the Cam, picking up points as the crew rowed over the course. After a few days he got in a barge and rowed along after the Cambridge crew. By and by he had mastered the Cambridge stroke and style and he bade his Cambridge friends good-bye and was off to Oxford.

Here, too, Cook speedily made friends. No man to this day can make more, if he tries. The Oxford crew welcomed him, feasted him, took him out with them on the river and gave him every opportunity to get into their ways. A man like Cook doesn't need every opportunity; one answers his purpose. In six weeks from the time he left New Haven he was back there again. In the mean time the Cook stroke had been formulated.

What is the Cook stroke? What is the secret which "Bob" Cook gleaned in those six weeks? To hear him talk there is no secret about it. "Now," says he, "if you've got a weight to lift there's more than one way of going about it. When you lean over and pull at it, the strain comes on your arms and shoulders. But if you stand right over the weight and then seize it, the strain is on your whole body—and that's what you call 'the secret of the Cook stroke.'"

Once at home again, Captain Cook took out each member of the Yale 'varsity crew in a pair-oar. Over and over again the lesson was taught: "Keep the blade of your oar buried just under the water; put the power on at the start, and keep it on until just before the recovery; then come out of the water gently and evenly."

At Springfield that summer Yale won, over eleven crews, Harvard included, by clear water, and mighty was the shout that went up from the college world.

Ever since then we've all read and heard of the Cook stroke, and Yale has gone on winning with it, "except now and then," says Captain

Cook, "when she'd get the big head, row to the galleries, and lose the race." Mr. Cook was stroke of the winning crew in the intercollegiate fours at the Centennial Exposition of 1876. His former rowing teacher in London, Gulston, stroked an English crew on the Schuylkill at that time.

It is not only the glorious freedom of open-air effort that Mr. Cook has always loved in rowing. He has the love of alma mater developed to an extraordinary degree. The college that he left nearly twenty years ago, with his degree, is as dear to him now as then, and whatever exalts her name and fame delights his soul. His dark face lights up and his eyes kindle at the mention of such incidents as the famous leap of the Yale stroke from the racing shell he feared to disable in the great four-mile contest with the Atlanta Boat Club of New York in 1890. It was "the Cook stroke" the Yale boys were rowing, and rather than have his seven comrades pull his dead weight over the course, now that his fractured blade had put him *hors du combat*, this plucky youngster sprang over the side of the boat and swam to shore, while his applauding fellows rowed steadily on to victory.

Training? Any man who has eaten at one of "Bob" Cook's training tables will find it hard to come down to ordinary fare. "The old idea of feeding hungry, hard-working athletes on underdone beef with scant accompaniments has gone out," quoth he. "The young men who are preparing for an event which will test their physical powers need an abundance of the most generous fare that skill and money can provide. Drink ale, if you like, when you begin to train; you will soon find it too bitter to be pleasant; your training has gradually brought you back to the innocent tastes and wholesome appetites of early youth. The palate rejects artificial viands and acquired likings fade out. I enjoy eating at the modern training tables. And if any of the boys wishes to write for publication I encourage him to do so, cautioning him, however, to pass the crew by and confine his literary efforts to the treatment of such topics as the immortality of the soul."

JOHN PAUL BOGACK.

## Columbia to France.

July 1st, 1894.

WHAT should we be but sisters, thou and I?  
Born 'twixt fierce seas beneath a smiling sky,  
Baptized in blood, and buffeted by Fate,  
Yet grown at last to that serene estate  
Which men look on with wonder and with pride,  
Remembering how for us brave men have died—  
Sister, I, too, would kneel at Freedom's shrine  
And mingle there to-day my tears with thine!

Lincoln, Garfield, Carnot, their names must be  
Writ henceforth on one page of history  
In blood; for them let Freedom's tears still fall  
And Freedom's laws strike till their blows appal  
These modern monsters who would flaunt their shame

By doing murder in her sacred name—  
The anarchists, accursed, spawned in the slime  
That Chaos left upon the shores of Time!

JOHN PAUL BOGACK.

## THE AMATEUR AFIELD

THE RECENT INTERCOLLEGIATE RACE.

INTERCOLLEGIATE rowing received a severe blow in the Yale-Harvard boat race at New London on the 28th. Of late years the crimson has won so few of these contests that the interest has very largely been taken out of them, but the last race was the most unsatisfactory of all. Unless Harvard improves very soon in this branch of athletics, it will be better to have these races given up, and Yale will be justified in seeking a new rival on the water, Cornell, for instance. The undergraduates at New Haven undoubtedly want the Yale crew to win every year, but the alumni are getting tired of seeing races which are decided before the first twenty strokes are rowed, and even the members of the eights do not care to train all the year for an event which they win without the slightest difficulty. On the other side, Harvard men are pretty thoroughly discouraged with the record of the past and the outlook for the future.

It is easy to find fault with people who are unsuccessful, or with schemes which are failures, and for that reason it is not becoming to say just now many harsh things about Harvard rowing; but something must be done at once or rowing might as well be given up on the Charles. There are four courses open: to engage a man from Oxford or Cambridge who can teach rowing as it is practiced in England; to persuade one of the Yale coaches to help Harvard in her extremity; to hire a professional like Courtney, or to put the whole matter in the hands of Colonel Bancroft. The last step would be the most popular with the alumni. Colonel

Bancroft's name is always associated with Harvard's victories on the water. He was connected with the crews for ten years, and turned out a winning crew eight times during that period. To-day he may not be up to date in all the finer points of preparing crews for the great race, but he has in the past been successful in almost everything he has undertaken, and failure would be something new to him. Although there may have been improvements since his day, the general principles are the same, and the things which made a boat go through the water ten years ago will accomplish that end to-day.

No one has authority to speak for Colonel Bancroft, but there is every reason to believe that he would take the entire charge of Harvard rowing if it were offered to him to-day. This year he became extremely interested in the crew, and gave up coaching it only when he thought such a step necessary. If he were made the supreme authority and given the chance to carry out his ideas, something might result. Certainly, conditions could not be worse than they are now, and the announcement that he had been put in charge would meet with unqualified approval from Harvard graduates generally.

It would seem strange for Harvard to get a Yale coacher, but it has been said many times during the past few years that one of them at least, Dr. Bolton, would go to Cambridge if he were asked to do so. Such a plan would meet with antagonism at both Yale and Harvard, but similar things are done in England, and it would surely add to the pleasant relations of the two universities. But it would be humiliating for Harvard thus openly to confess that rowing is a lost art among her students and graduates. To get an English coach would be difficult, but that might meet with favor. Professionals are not lightly thought of at Cambridge, although they are freely used in base-ball. Without doubt, Courtney could do the Harvard candidates much good if he were allowed to work unhampered. All these three schemes, however, are unpopular. The arrangement with Colonel Bancroft cannot be objected to for any reason, and if he is not put in charge before the beginning of next year Harvard men alone are to be blamed.

John D. Merrill.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

LONDON'S TOWER BRIDGE.

THE Tower Bridge, London's latest addition to her bridges across the Thames, which was opened on the 30th ult., was built by the corporation of London at a cost of thirty million dollars, and is designed to relieve the enormous and constantly-increasing traffic across London Bridge. In the middle of the stream are two lofty towers bearing at the top a double foot-way, each 230 feet long and 12 feet wide. From one tower to the other at the base there runs a roadway and wide side paths traversing a bridge 200 feet in length. North and south of these towers are two suspension bridges connected with the shore. The central towers are 293 feet high, and work the two bascules or levers, which will be opened to allow high vessels to pass. When these are raised there is a clear waterway 200 feet wide, allowing the passage of vessels with masts 140 feet high. While the bascules are raised foot passengers will be conveyed by hydraulic elevators to the high-level foot way.

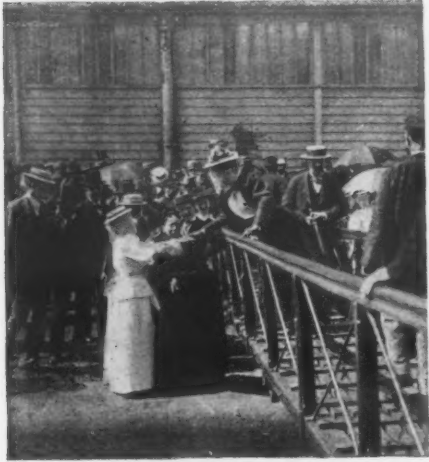
THE COOK ISLANDS.

The Cook Islands, in the South Pacific, discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, have ever since 1823 possessed peculiar interest for the Christian world because of the remarkable missionary work of John Williams, and the results which have followed his labors. The island group has a total area of about three hundred square miles. The inhabitants belong to the Malay race, and display great industry and skill in various manufactures. Their houses are well built, and the people live in comfort and plenty. The Governor of New Zealand, who with a number of friends recently visited the islands, was received with great enthusiasm by the natives and their rulers. Our picture shows the natives dancing in honor of the visitors.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S PROMOTION.

Sir Charles Russell, recently appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, in place of Baron Coleridge, deceased, is a well-known and conspicuous figure in British affairs. It was only two months ago that Lord Russell, then Sir Charles Russell, went on the bench as one of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary.





GOOD-BYES.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.



TRIBUTE TO NEPTUNE.



AT SOUTHAMPTON.



THE LAST LOOK.



MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL.



THE GAME OF QUILTS.



THE PILOT.



A DECK DIVERSION.



THE TRAVELER FROM TEXAS.



LOUNGING ON DECK.



THE SHUFFLE-BOARD.



MEDITATION.



MORNING COFFEE.



NEARING PORT.

## THE RUSH TO EUROPE.

SCENES ON THE STEAMSHIP "NEW YORK," OF THE AMERICAN LINE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.  
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.



Prince Louis of Battenberg.  
Prince of Wales.

Prince Philip of Coburg.

Duke of Connaught.  
Grand Duke Vladimir.  
Duke Alfred of Coburg.



Prince Alfred of Coburg.

The Czarevitch.  
Emperor of Germany.

Princess Alix of Hesse.

Princess Beatrice of Coburg.  
The Queen.

Princess Henry of Prussia.  
Empress Frederick.

Grand Duchess Vladimir.

Princess Theodora of Saxe-Meiningen, Duchess of Coburg

There is no visible insignia of royalty in the picture we here present; it might be easily mistaken for a refined and happy family group, of which the grandmother is the foremost and conspicuous figure. The good Queen is said to be ceremonious and exacting even with her own children and kinsfolk, but if they stand in awe of her, one would not suspect it from the happy faces which shine out from this picture. It is in every way a notable group, comprising, as it does, representatives of the two Powers which are to determine largely the political future of Europe, if not of Asia as well. It is quite within the range of possibility that the children grouped so demurely in the foreground may live to see the map of the continent readjusted, and existing institutional forms radically changed, as the result of policies initiated and carried out, or of conflicts precipitated, by the royalties here depicted.

### THREE GENERATIONS OF ROYALTY.

VICTORIA ALEXANDRINE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, WITH HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.



## SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM IN EUROPE.

By A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

## II.—IN SPAIN—INTERVIEWS WITH SEÑOR SALMERON AND SEÑOR PI Y MARGAL, EX-PRESIDENTS OF THE REPUBLIC.



SEÑOR DON SALMERON.

My last article—an interview with his Excellency, the Minister of the Interior—gave, of course, an official statement of the condition of Spain, of anarchism and socialism here. I have thought it would be interesting to have the opinion of the republican leaders on the question, and to this end I have called upon and interviewed Señor Don Salmeron and Don Pi y Margal, who in turn were presidents of the Spanish republic during its short life of eleven months. Both are looked upon—and by all parties—as being among Spain's great men,—politicians, statesmen, and orators. The first one I met was Señor Salmeron. He lives in a very fine new house in the best quarter of the city, and I wish to thank him here, once more, for the charming manner in which he received me. The ex-president is a great scholar, and one of the foremost philosophers of Spain. Tall, thin, very dark, he possesses the most energetic face I ever saw—a magnificent forehead still enlarged by his bald head.

My first question was as to what he thought of the execution of the Barcelona anarchists. In a second everything about the man changed in the most wonderful way; the quiet and charming manner disappeared, he straightened himself and threw back his head, his eyes flashed, and fiery words poured from his lips. The great fighter of the Republican party was ready for battle.

"It is a crime, a murder—the most disgusting and shameful murder ever seen in a civilized nation. These men were not guilty. No; they were not. And the abomination is that they were not allowed to defend themselves or to be defended. The proceedings were not public, only the military judges and the prisoners being present. They were judged, sentenced, executed, for an example, without being given a chance to prove their innocence. It is the vilest and most shameful of murders. They have been murdered by soldiers. Yes, what we call our Civil Guards—the most abominable of organizations. These soldiers behave themselves like miserable brutes. They treat the people in such a brutal way that they are hated—so much so that at last the people revolted, and the bomb thrown at General Martinez Campos and his soldiers was a protest from those who have so long suffered."

"Do you mean that the Republicans approve of the means used by anarchists?"

"No; of course no. A republican government would do its best to protect society at large. We don't approve of the throwing of bombs. There is a difference thus between Republicans and anarchists. But the people want justice, and they must have it by all means."

"Then you would excuse the throwing of bombs if the aim is to get justice?"

"Listen. Spain is a thoroughly Republican country—I mean the great majority of our people are Republicans. The history of our country for the last century shows it. Should the elections be free, honestly conducted, there would not be one monarchist elected. But they are more than fraudulent. Monarchy cannot be the government of Spain. Monarchy is the enemy of Spain—it is its ruin. It means bankruptcy, and always, in the end, revolution, war, and foreign invasion of our soil! It cannot, it will not, remain the government of this country. A republic is bound to be proclaimed; it must come either quietly, honestly by elections, or—here the great Republican stopped for a second, a terrible expression of menace and anger came all over his face, and it was with deep and convinced voice that he added—"or then it must be anarchism, bombs, death, guillotine!"

"If I understand well, the Republicans, though not approving of bomb-throwing in general, would rather approve of it for the purpose of getting monarchy out of the way; but once strongly established, a republican government would disapprove of anarchism most strongly? But what means would you use then to check it?"

"Reforms—needed reforms that would improve the condition of the working classes; commercial treaties which would open markets to our industries; a tariff which would induce foreigners to send us their goods and enable our people to get them cheap; works to improve our land communication—a hundred things which ought to be attended to at once, and would relieve the people. The poverty and misery are frightful, especially out in the country. A man cannot there earn more than fifteen or twenty cents a day (seventy-five centimes or one peseta) when he can get work, which is not every day. A republican government would be anxious to make the very best commercial treaties with the United States, and this would mean a great deal for us."

Upon this Señor Salmeron shook hands with me, as he had to go to the Cortés (Congress), where he sits as a deputy. He presented me with a beautiful photograph of himself, on which he wrote: *En souvenir de votre gracieuse visite.*

SEÑOR PI Y MARGAL.



SEÑOR PI Y MARGAL.

I jumped into my cab and was driven to Señor Pi y Margal's house—if it can be called driven—by one of those skeleton—miserable beasts which are called "horses," and which walk along the streets of Madrid, half-starved and half-

dead, until they are sent some fine Sunday to the Plaza de Torros, where an infuriated bull tosses them through the air, to the applause of twenty-five thousand spectators.

Señor Pi y Margal, like Señor Salmeron, is one of Spain's greatest scholars—a philosopher and a most distinguished historian. He was also President of the republic. He must be sixty or sixty-five now, and is as white-haired, as quiet, as calm as the other is dark, nervous, excited. He is much interested in the United States of America; in fact, he has written a history of our country in two large volumes. His library, one of the finest in Madrid, contains nearly all the important American works. He is a great admirer of the Smithsonian Institution, and highly praised the work done there. For ten years he hardly read anything but American works, or works about America. He said that it is to be hoped that some day the history of America before Columbus landed there would be reconstructed, as wonderful races must have lived there and great revolutions taken place.

"I have but one thing on which to reproach you Americans; it is that you still have the penalty of death. No civilized nation ought to have such a frightful punishment, especially for what are called political crimes."

"Therefore you do not approve of the execution of the Barcelona anarchists?"

"Oh, no! All the Republican Deputies protested against it and asked for their pardon, but it was not granted. The penalty of death is against all republican idea. Prison and exile are sufficient."

"But would you call the anarchist outrages 'political crimes'?"

"Why not. They are the enemies of our form of government, the pioneers of an idea. They have an ideal government and social reforms for which they struggle; they are not criminals."

"Therefore you condemn the government's action?"

"Most strongly so; it is a great mistake. To sentence anarchists to death is to give idols to the people. In seeing these innocent men courageously going to death and shouting as a last prayer, 'Viva la anarquia!' thousands want to imitate them, to die for the cause, knowing that their memories will be kept as sacred."

"Do you think there are many socialists and anarchists in Spain?"

"A great, great many; especially in Catalogne, and the number increases every day. No; I do not believe monarchy will last. You are right; this social question has upset Europe, and it is but the beginning. You never dreamed you

would have it in America, did you? Well, it might get worse there than anywhere else."

While talking, Señor Pi y Margal was showing me his magnificent collection of etchings, photogravures, engravings, etc., which is one of the most interesting in the world, and when I took leave he insisted again upon his love and admiration for the United States.

Now the opinion of these two great Republicans on the social condition of Spain is, as to that of Señor Aguilera, Minister of the Interior, what black is to white. He does not believe anarchism and socialism have any chance of progressing in Spain; they think it is rapidly spreading from one end of the country to the other. He is convinced that the condition of the workingman is comparatively as good, if not better than in other countries; they say it is ten times worse. He considers it the duty of the government to deal vigorously with those committing outrages, while they look at these men as perfectly innocent. Upon one point only do they agree, and that is this; many reforms are needed to improve the conditions of the people at large. The question therefore is: Is the government doing all in its power to help the working classes, and does it do it successfully? I must say right here that my impression is all in favor of the government, and I shall in a next letter (an interview with Spain's greatest orator, Señor Castelar) prove with his

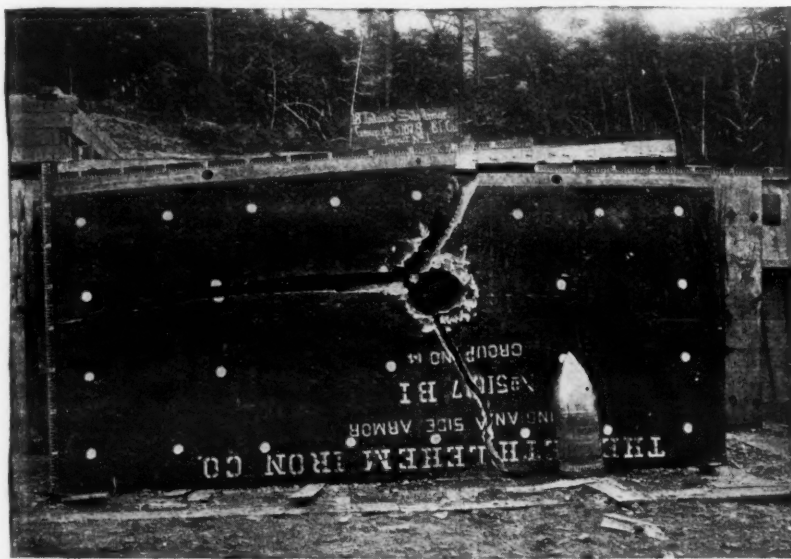
own words that the monarchy has done all that a republic could do, perhaps more. Now, as for the Republican assertion that a republic in Spain would mean the end of socialism here, it is simply nonsensical. France, Switzerland, and the United States have republican governments, and socialism is more alive there than in Spain. Socialism and anarchism, it seems to me, have always been the enemies of all established governments, and will always be. They favor here republican ideas against monarchy, but be assured that they would fight as bitterly a republic with men like Castelar, Pi y Margal, and Salmeron at its head as they do monarchy.

In traveling through Spain between Gibraltar and Madrid, I was agreeably surprised in noticing how well cultivated the country was and how well kept were the farms. It certainly did look as fine and rich as the valleys of Normandy. Nowhere could I see a sign of that poverty which strikes the traveler so forcibly in Italy. What a difference in this country! where every bit of land is used and well cultivated, not only in the rich valleys but up to the tops of the hills. Spain cannot possibly impress one as being poor, and in fact this would give reason to Señor Aguilera's remark, "Spain is poor now solely on account of those past civil wars, which I have ruined her, but little by little we shall get over it, for our industries and agriculture are still alive and progressing."

## RECENT TESTS OF HARVEYZIZED ARMOR.

THE recent failure of the eighteen-inch armor plate representing the battle-ship *Indiana's* belt was to many a great surprise, if not a painful shock. It cast doubt not only upon the heavy

sand dollars. It is not surprising that they should seek to avail themselves of the opinion, freely expressed by some, that plates above twelve inches in thickness would lose more re-



THE TEST OF MAY 19TH—THE PLATE AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE FIRST SHOT.

armor already manufactured and awaiting acceptance, but it gave rise to the suspicion that the methods and principles of its manufacture were incorrect. The development of armor in

stance through internal stresses introduced in Harveyizing than they would gain by hardening the surface.

To the Bethlehem Iron Company not only



THE TEST OF MAY 19TH—APPEARANCE OF THE PLATE AFTER THE SECOND SHOT.

the United States has been so rapid, unchecked thus far by a single blunder, that it would seem we were now at last to pay the penalty of a too rapid progress. The Bethlehem Iron Company, too, not only lost eighteen thousand dollars in the rejected plate, but had placed in jeopardy twenty other similar plates which represented to them a value of three hundred and fifty thou-

was a serious money loss involved, but a severe blow had been dealt their reputation, as armor-makers only established through costly experiments and years of care and skillful manufacture. To the Bureau of Ordnance, and especially the armor board, composed of Commodore W. T. Sampson, Lieutenant-Commander A. R. Conden, and Professor P. R. Alger, it was not



only a theory which they had indorsed and now thrown in doubt, but it was the principle of progress and development itself, the determination to supply our battle-ships with better armor than was carried by any other battle-ships in the world. Hence they resisted stoutly the efforts of the armor contractors to reduce the severity of the test.

The company claimed that the test for thick plates was more severe in proportion than it was for thin plates, while at the same time it was impossible to obtain as thoroughly sound and homogeneous metal in the interior of the great masses of thick plates weighing perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four tons, as it was in the case of comparatively thin plates of twenty tons and under.

separation, and so it is in the great eighty-ton ingots of nickel steel from which the *Indiana's* armor plates are made. If the metal is poured into the mould while still too hot it takes a long time to set and become rigid; during this time there is a continual separation of the lighter ingredients, the compounds of iron with phosphorus, sulphur, and carbon, which slowly rise into the more fluid spaces. Then, too, many of these metalloids remain liquid at a much lower temperature than the mass of steel, so that as the latter congeals from the outside, inward the more fluid metalloids flow toward the centre. In this way an ingot which remains liquid for some time after casting is certain to contain a segregation of these lighter components in the space last chilled about the axis and upper end

which will not crack but will let the shot through.

The success of the seventeen-inch Massachusetts Barrette plate on June 12th was most encouraging to every one concerned, the judgment of the armor board was vindicated, and the Bethlehem Iron Company had seven hundred and eighty tons of armor accepted. In addition a direct comparison was had with an exactly similar seventeen-inch nickel-steel plate—not Harvey treated, which was tested nearly a year ago. In that case a twelve-inch Carpenter shell, moving with a velocity of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight feet a second, pierced the plate, crushed through three feet of oak backing, several feet of oak supports, burrowed under a great mound of earth, and sped out down the river, a still terrible missile. In this later instance, however, the good or evil intentions of the projectile were thwarted by the Harvey surface, it buried its head in the plate but could get no further; it was wrecked by its own energy, and the torn and twisted fragments thrown back toward the gun showed the toughness with which it had resisted disintegration.

A. A. ACKERMAN,

Lieutenant, U. S. N.



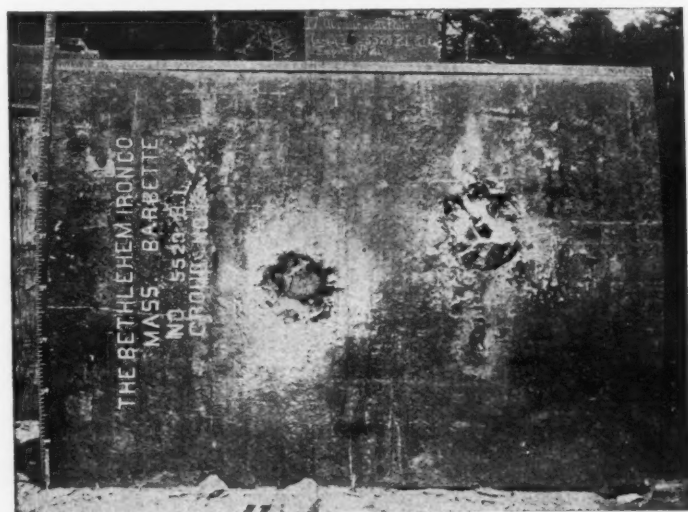
BALLISTIC TEST OF MASSACHUSETTS BARRETTE 17-INCH CURVED HARVEYZED PLATE JUNE 14TH—EFFECT OF FIRST SHOT.

The statement was also made that in the final stage of the Harvey process, where the heated surface is chilled and hardened by a powerful spray, the great body of metal contained so large an amount of heat that it was impossible to chill it as deeply and as hard as in the case of thin plates.

It will thus be seen that the contractors claimed that the Harvey process as applied to thick armor was on trial and had failed, rather than that this particular plate lacked intrinsic value. Fortunately for the cause of progress, Lieutenant Karl Rohrer, United States Navy, the Inspector of Ordnance at Bethlehem, had avowedly selected this plate as the worst one in the group on account of his belief that it was internally flawed or cracked. This also was apparently the opinion of the company, for on its selection they at once requested the Navy Department to waive any failure of the plate which might be due to cracks ostensibly pro-

of the plate. It is apparent that if in the interior of the plate there is such a great variation in the chemical composition, it may not expand and contract uniformly on heating and cooling, and if the difference is sufficiently great it may even lead to one part of the metal being torn away from that adjacent. It was this that Lieutenant Rohrer claimed had occurred; the flaw being, therefore, due to a defective ingot rather than harsh treatment in tempering. The result proved the correctness of his conclusions, for the first shot cracked the plate, exposing an immense fissure extending for nearly seven feet from the top of the plate and to within less than an inch of the front and back surfaces. Later an analysis of the metal at various points of this flaw was made showing that the percentage of carbonating the axial line was twice as great as at the surface.

A feature of this test to which little or no attention has been called is that although the



EFFECT OF SECOND SHOT IN TEST OF MASSACHUSETTS 17-INCH HARVEYZED PLATE, JUNE 14TH.

duced in chilling the plate, and which it was claimed were unavoidable in this process. This claim Secretary Herbert refused to allow, as in his opinion such flaws would not be produced in homogeneous steel plates properly treated. Lieutenant Rohrer had stated that this plate was properly treated, but that he did not believe it to be homogeneous—that is, of uniform density and composition. Every one has seen how, in a block of artificial ice the tear-shaped part last congealing contains imprisoned bubbles of air, and most of the flocculent matter formerly disseminated throughout the water. The slower the freezing the more thorough the

plate failed to meet the requirements it would not have failed to protect the ship. The heavy shells were thrown back, one slightly cracked, the other crushed into fragments; the backing was but slightly injured, and had the plate been on the *Indiana's* side the ship would have been in no wise inconvenienced.

The acceptance test for armor is undoubtedly severe. Two shots are fired, one at a comparatively low velocity, called the cracking shot, and one at a high velocity, called the perforating shot. By the first, brittle plates which still may have a large resistance to penetration are thrown out, and by the second, soft plates

## A New Bank in Eighth Avenue.

EACH of the great thoroughfares running north and south in New York City has its peculiar characteristic. This is also true in a measure of the streets going east and west, and specially of those wide highways such as Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth, and Forty-second streets, as these have in recent years been largely given over to business. An observant writer who has given much time to the study of street characteristics, recently said of Eighth Avenue that it was the most interesting thoroughfare in the metropolis, and he called it the American avenue. This name, he explained, was appropriate not for the reason that those who lived and did business in that street were native Americans, but because the street was not given over to any one nationality as some other streets are, and because the people were neither rich nor poor, but seemed to be well to do. It was the general average of thrift and prosperity, and the mingling of the people of many countries in peaceful harmony that impressed him with the idea that the street itself and those to be seen on the pavements and in the shops were more representative of actual Americanism than was to be found elsewhere.

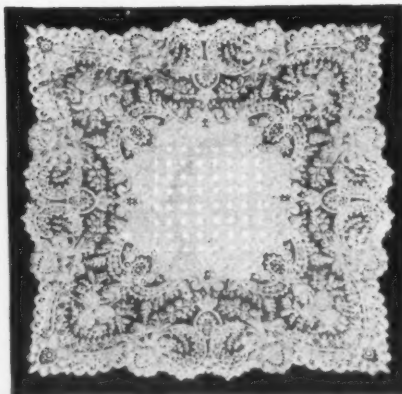
A merely superficial person would possibly say that a neighborhood made up of neither rich nor poor would not be a good location for the banking business. But an observation to this effect would be devoid of thought and knowledge. It is not the very rich who own the bulk of the deposits in the banks of this country. This great bulk is placed to the credit of the prosperous, the thrifty, the well-to-do

middle class, the class from which the rich are recruited. Eighth Avenue, therefore, is a capital location for banks that are safe and conservative; banks that are managed very much on the same lines as the businesses that are established in that street and the neighborhood of it. Where Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue intersect, two great tides of traffic and of business join each other, and therefore as a location for a new bank a corner there is an ideal place. Here it is, where there is no bank for ten blocks in either direction, up and down, that the new bank, the Eighth Avenue Bank, opened its doors for business on the fifth of July. This bank is organized under the laws of the State of New York, and has a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. When we pass judgment on a new enterprise of this sort we usually take very seriously into account the character and the experience of the men directing its affairs. The officers of the Eighth Avenue Bank are Wolston R. Brown, president; Andrew McLean, vice-president; Floyd S. Patterson, cashier. The directors are Andrew McLean, A. J. Spreter, V. M. Wilcox, Edward D. Smith, Wolston R. Brown, F. R. Pemberton, John C. Sheehan, Coleridge J. Hart, and Charles A. Johnson.

The president has been in the banking business of Wolston H. Brown & Brothers, 20 Nassau Street, New York, for nineteen years, and also for four years has been one of the managing directors of the Peoples' Bank at Passaic, New Jersey, where he is also mayor, this being his second term. Under appointment of the courts he has served as one of the commissioners to revise the State taxes. The vice-president is head of the firm of woolen merchants, Andrew McLean & Co, 360 Broome Street, New York. He belongs to a family of large wealth, which has lived in Twenty-third Street, in the immediate neighborhood of the new bank, for thirty years past. Since he succeeded his father as the head of his firm he has doubled its business. Mr. Floyd S. Patterson, the cashier, went to the new bank from the Western National Bank, and is thoroughly trained in bank administration, besides possessing that unaffected and courteous affability which begets popularity. Mr. Edward D. Smith, director, is one of the heirs of the Smith estate, owning valuable property in Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. Of the other directors Mr. Coleridge J. Hart is the well-known lawyer at 93 Nassau Street; Mr. F. R. Pemberton is head of the firm of Pemberton & McAdoo; Mr. John C. Sheehan is the police commissioner, and Mr. Charles A. Johnson, a man of large means, formerly the president of the Excelsior Fireworks, is now in the banking business with his sons at 80 Broadway. It will be seen, therefore, that the new bank is managed by men of character and experience—men who have been successful in the conduct of their own affairs. The men in direction being such as they are, and the neighborhood such as it is, the success of the Eighth Avenue Bank appears to be a foregone conclusion.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER  
CONDUCTED BY  
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The Noted Puzzleist  
TO WHOM ALL ANSWERS  
MAY BE DIRECTED, CARE OF  
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## Our Lady's Kerchief. A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.



WITH the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares, and back to the original cell. No

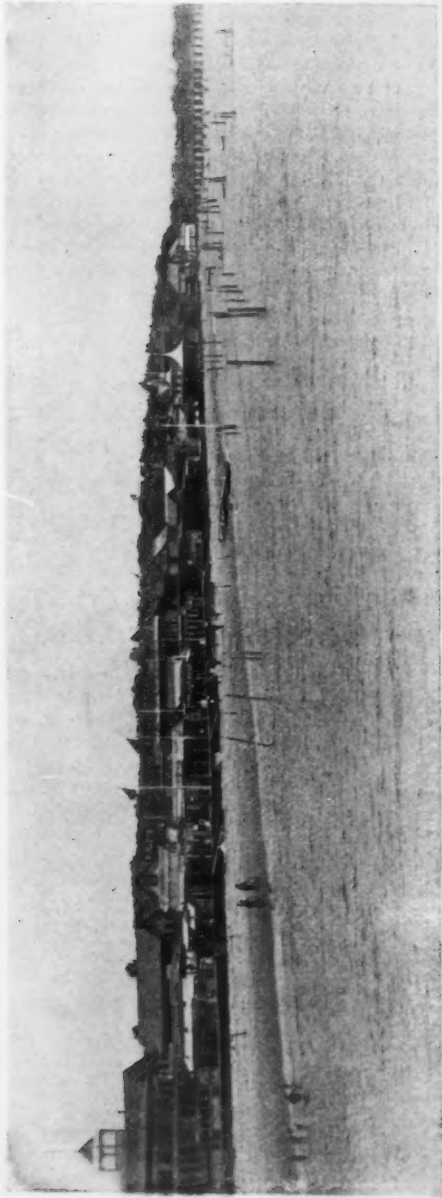
one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

If that problem is too easy, here is a second one. Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both.

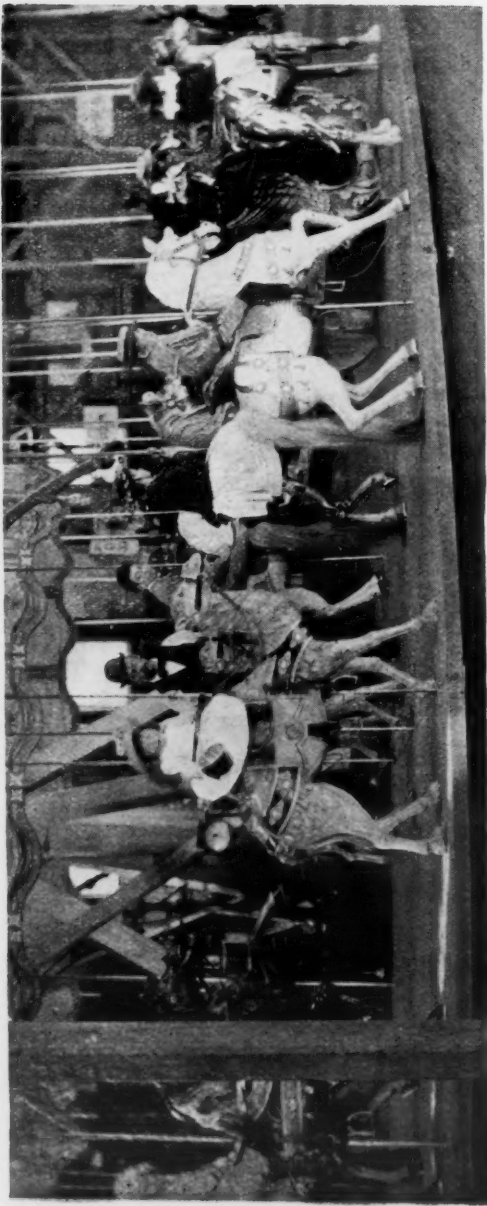
## An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal-card. A trial costs you nothing.

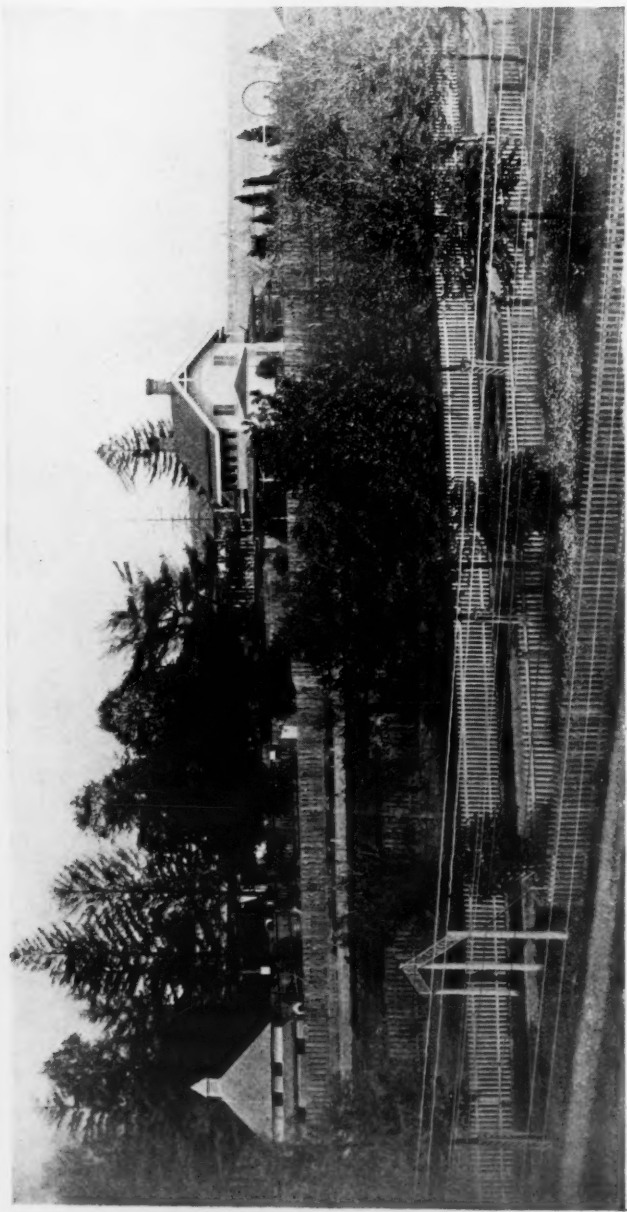




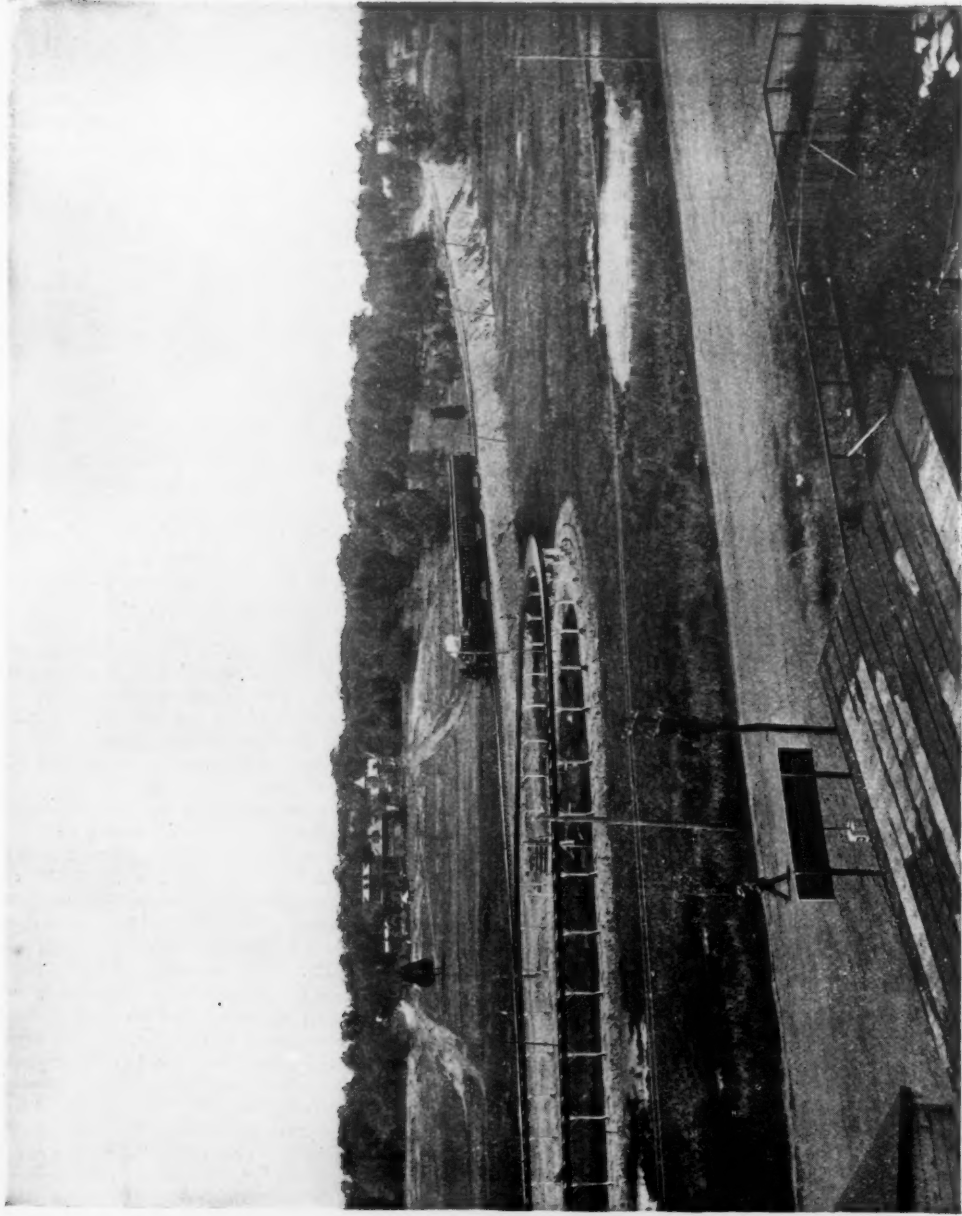
SOUTH BEACH, LOOKING WEST TO FORT WADSWORTH.



LOOP'S CAROUSEL.



SCENE NEAR ARBOCHAR STATION.



NEAR SOUTH BEACH STATION.



GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING EAST.

VIEWS AT SOUTH BEACH, THE WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR RESORT ON STATEN ISLAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

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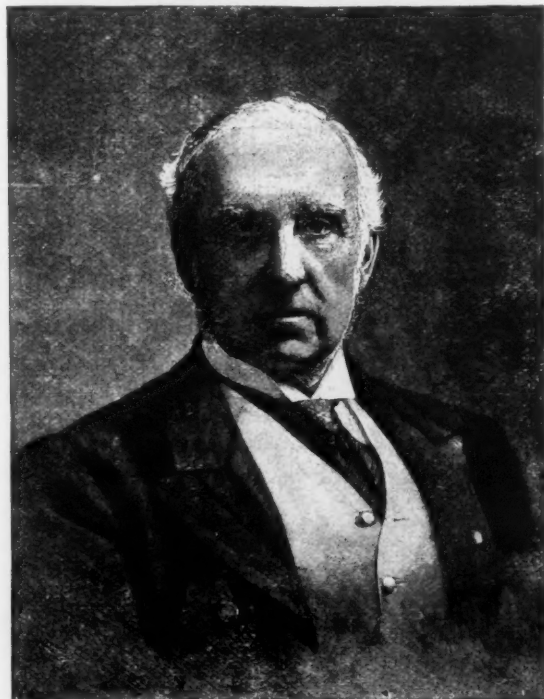




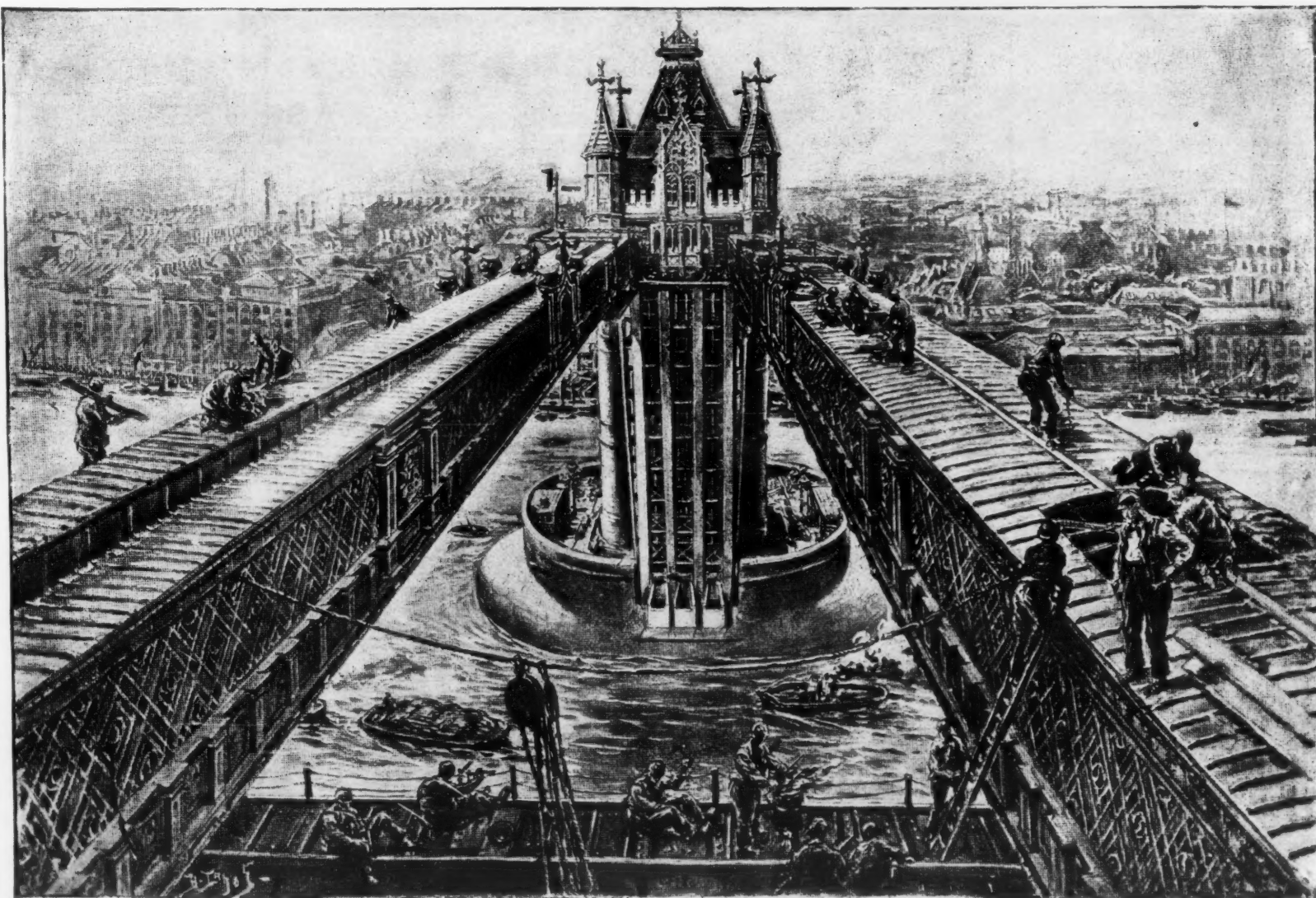
ANARCHY IN FRANCE—A TYPICAL ANARCHIST ORATOR—*London Graphic*.



NATIVES OF THE COOK ISLANDS DANCING BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND—*Daily Graphic*.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.



THE TOWER BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES, LONDON, SHOWING THE DRAWBRIDGES RAISED FOR THE PASSAGE OF LARGE SHIPS.—*London Graphic*.



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(Cortland (N. Y.) Evening Standard.)

FRANK LESLIE'S popular WEEKLY has scored another success by publishing number 2 of the Greater New York editions. It contains seven full-page illustrations of prominent buildings and scenes in the metropolis, beginning with Madison Square Garden. In addition, there are many smaller views of public buildings, parks, streets and objects of interest. FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a great paper, and is becoming greater with every issue.

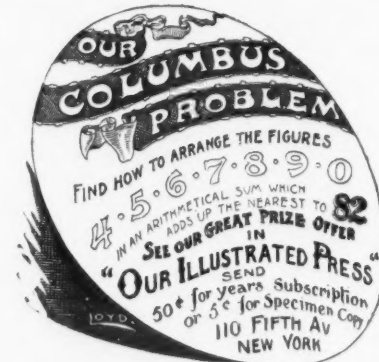
(Rochester Advertiser.)

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## The Attractions of South Beach.

Among the many seaside resorts within easy reach of New York, there is none which possesses greater attractions than South Beach on the south shore of Staten Island. The situation is in every way delightful, and the provision made for the comfort and pleasure of visitors is most ample. To the south and east stretches out a great watery expanse, reaching to the shore of Sandy Hook on the one side, and to the green hills of New Jersey on the other, while a long stretch of the Long Island shore fills in the picture. The bathing at this beach is entirely free from the dangerous currents found in most watering-places, and this constitutes one of the main attractions of the place.

The hotel and restaurant accommodations are varied, and suited to every taste. In approaching the beach, visitors find the solid structure of Strothmann's Atlantic Hotel; next comes Credo's South Beach Hotel, with Mrs. Miller's homelike place in the centre. Moritz's Pine Grove Park affords a superb view of the sea. Families desiring solid, homelike comforts, find them at Gebhardt's Family Hotel. Major William Stahlbock's Washington House, at which excellent music is always supplied, is another attractive resort. Other inviting resorts are Hergenhan's Hotel, C. Walch's Bathing Pavilion, John Schiefer's Bay View Pavilion Hotel, and Kron's Hotel, of which Captain Kron, a good specimen of a martial soldier from the fatherland, is the popular host. In addition to these are Samuel's and Bauer's hotels, and Nunley's Railroad Hotel, one of the largest and best managed places on South Beach. One of the most popular institutions with visitors is the serpentine railroad, which gives its patrons an unbroken view of the sea at various elevations. Bini's is famous for its Italian wines and cookery.

Curiosity-seekers will find a rare one in the wild girl from the Australian bush, who is on exhibition, having, it is said, been captured and brought to this country by the Dutch Captain Kempenaar. This creature is thirty-six years old but only three feet high.

The well-known manufacturer, Mr. Loof, of Greenpoint, has erected a handsome carousel (merry-go-round) directly on the beach, and this enjoys the patronage of all the younger visitors. Kohlmann's Happy Hotel, the Fishermen's Retreat, is a nice place at which to spend a few idle hours with dancing and angling. On the "American plan" there is Diricksen's Hotel, a strictly first-class place with genuine good cheer. J. Skinner's establishment delights the visitor with an invigorating aerial flight, after which the adjoining hotel of Messrs. Butler & Morris invites to a well-earned rest.

Thousands of visitors swarm over South Beach on Saturdays and Sundays and enjoy the refreshing breezes and dips in the surf. But the best time to visit this delightful beach is on a week-day, when the crowds are not so great and there is "room and verge" enough for all.

## Russia and the Jews.

THE inhuman treatment to which the Jews in Russia have been subjected by the government has aroused deep indignation and sympathy among the Hebrews of this and other countries. Recently it was determined to make an effort to induce the Czar to adopt a milder



RABBI KRAUSKOPF.

and more humane policy, and for this purpose Rabbi Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, a prominent representative of Jewish thought, has gone abroad. Rabbi Krauskopf is a man of strong convictions and much force of character, and it is hoped by those he represents that he will be able to impress the Russian authorities with the desirableness of propitiating American opinion by an abandonment of the cruel persecutions of the Hebrew subjects of the empire.

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## A Special Announcement.



In view of the great interest felt in this country in the coming international yacht races, in which our champion Vigilant is to contend in foreign waters against the best boats in Europe, LESLIE'S WEEKLY has sent abroad its special photographer, Mr. Hemment, who will follow the Vigilant in all her races and furnish us with pictures from week to week.

Mr. Hemment will also send us pictures of the Yale team from the time they sail on the New York until they have ended their contest with Oxford. These pictures will be a complete pictorial record, and will be of surpassing interest. Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, the well-known Yale athlete, who was largely instrumental in securing the arrangements for the Oxford-Yale contest, will furnish the letter-press. No other paper will approach LESLIE'S WEEKLY in the attention that it will devote to American sports in foreign countries.

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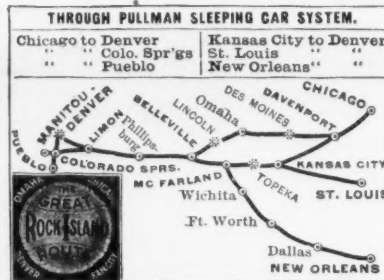
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